/57 cont./

487 the northeast a wide path through tall sapé grass, with which the
[824] houses are covered, to the river rapids below, toward the south
361] a path to the mandioca planting, and everywhere tall forest moved in close to the inhabited and planted clearing.

162 The community numbered nine men, seven women, five
621 children. The names of the men were: Tumayaua, the chief,
551 our guide, who was primarily responsible for the planting (Pl.
[463] 6).[A2] Paleko, his father, a charming old gentleman, with whom I struck up a close friendship and who in his declining years plaited baskets and fish weirs, Alakuai, the shrewd carpenter and canoe-builder, Awia, the painter, Yapü, the fat one, Kalawaku, the modest one, and the young men Kulekule,
[574] Luchu (Pl. 6), and Pauhaga. After a few days a couple of visitors came from the second village, among them one whose parents had died young and who therefore -- had no name.

The names of the women were not to be discovered: "pekóto úra" was the regular answer, "I am a woman." Thus
162 I have had to /58/ invent my own designations here; there was,
621 as always, an old woman who had a great deal to say and who, with her lean wrinkled body, was not exactly beautiful, the "tribal witch," Paleko's wife (see Pl. 5, left).[A2] Her antithesis was her granddaughter "Eva," Tumayaua's daughter, mother of two children and the youthful wife of the muscular, magnificently strongly built Kulekule, who, before I knew his name, seemed to me worthy of being called "Adam" in this little paradise and also possessed a fine yellowish-red loam color.
[142] Eva had a finely chiseled European face with full lips, pale rosy cheeks which were closely framed with wavy hair, and the most beautiful eyes that I saw in Brazil -- and that is saying not a little -- large eyes whose sweet /Fig. 2 appears here/ glance contained no coquetry at all, but in whose radiant fire, with a full, naïvely tender upward glance, glowed that spark of innocent lust that must once upon a time have kindled the eternal fires of the universe; thus, with a body never mistreated by any lacing, she really looked like a young Mother Eva. Unfortunately, she scratched her head far too often,

[A1 [See P. 40--Analyst]
[A2 [See P. 28--Analyst]